Mans Felicity and Misery:

Which is, a good Wife and a bad: or the best and the worst, discourſed in a Dialogue betweene *Edmund* and *Dauid*.

To the tune of *I have for all good wiues a song.*

Edmund.

KInd Cozen Dauid proue this true,
Good fortune to thy I will bewray,
Since laſt I ſaw thee I am married,
Now things with me are better carryed,
I dare ſay that which few men can,
I haue the beſt Wife that euer had man.

Dauid.

I am right ioyfull Cozen Ned,
To heare that thou ſo well art ſped:
As thou maiſt thy good fortune bleſſe,
I may curſe my vnhappineſſe;
My torments none on earth can ſcan,
I haue the worſt Wife that euer had man.

Edmund.

My wife for beautie bounds the name,
From all ſh'is taken from whence ſhe came,
For ſhape ſhe might a Lady be,
And ſo all ſay that ſee her fit:
Her qualls I can eaſily ſpan,
O ſhee's the beſt Wife that euer had man.

Dauid.

My wife it loathſome is to view,
She euery morning makes me ſpew,
For perſon ſhe's ſcarce good enough
To cry, maids ha're any Kitchin-ſtuffe:
She's fraught with Dripping-pan,
O ſhe's the worſt Wife that euer had man.

Edmund.

My wife is affable and meeke,
To pleaſe my fancy ſhe doth ſeeke,
My honour ſhe will neuer th'hurt,
But vow my will with all her heart,
Wife he no louing but Ned and Nan,
She is the beſt Wife that euer had man.

Dauid.

My wife is obſtinate and froward,
Shee's ſullen, peeuiſh, and vntoward;
Shee's glad at heart when ſhe can finde,
Occaſion to make my mind:
Shee'l haue yet will you whot I can,
O ſhe's the worſt Wife that euer had man.

Edmund.

My wife is carefull of her charge,
She neuer cauſes abroad at large,
Her huſband ſhe will ne're neglect,
That brings all things to good effect:
Shee's to her Maiſter a ſpeciall,
O ſhee's the beſt Wife that euer had man.

Dauid.

My wife among her Goſſips hath got,
As though nothing of her ſhe hot,
She chalenges goe formoſt all day,
vnleſſe I put on their array:
I muſt ſtriue to make what ſhift I can,
For ſhe's the worſt wife that euer had man.

Edmund.

My wife's ſo conſtant chaſtitie,
Like Lucrece or Penelope:
She is ſo wary in her carriage,
That if a Knight ſhould beguile her marriage,
She one ſhould get that knowes them,
For ſhee's the beſt Wife that euer had man.

Dauid.

My wife is full of merry tricks,
She puts beene naught with ſine or ſix,
If ſhe can get me out o'th way,
Ere I returne ſhee'le play the whore,
Shee'l ſay (though) I can't acheue can,
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The second part, To the same tune.

Edmund.

My wife is cleanly in mine eyes,
Though ayes a gawnsell to my meate,
If eate when I no stomache have,
Meemis 'tis done as I doe crave,
In sickenesse she is my Physician,
For she's the best Wife that ever had man.

Daniel.

My wife is such a beastly slut,
Unlesse it be an Ounce or a Nut,
If in the house were nothing eat,
Yet feare there's geese in the meate,
The Dogs doe licke both Dish and Pan,
O she's the worst Wife, &c.

Edmund.

My wife will weare no yellow hose,
No marvell can make her smell thy nose,
She knowes that I to her am true,
And in my faith she puts her trust;
Whole not be best say what I can,
For she's the best, &c.

Daniel.

If I were a woman loke,
My wife will sweare upon a booke,
That she is certainely a Whore,
Though I ne're saw the woman before,
Shee'le claw her eyes out if she can,
O she's the worst, &c.

Edmund.

My wife will never follow me,
Goe where I will, at home stayes she,
Though I from morne till night doe roame,
She smiling bids me welcome home,
This makes me haste home to my Nan,
For she's the best, &c.

Daniel.

If I unto the Ale-house goe,
To drinke a Pugge of beere or so,
Though we're so fast I thither flye,
My wife is there as soone as I:
At me and my friends she'le curse and ban,
For she's the worst, &c.

Edmund.

If any friends come home to me,
My wife gives entertainment free,
But out of doores she will not stirre
Unlesse I goe along with her,
She scrapes and saues what ere she can,
O she's the best, &c.

Daniel.

My wife will at the Ale-house sit,
And wastes away both money and wit,
Say rather than thirsty liquor lacke,
She'l sell the smocke from off her backe,
She'l steale from me all that she can,
O she's the worst

Edmund.

Kind Cosen Daniel I am very sorry,
To heare that thou to late a flurry,
Marriage and hanging note I see,
Goe as they say by destiny
If I could thee comfort say as I can,
I have the best wife, &c.

Daniel.

I thanke you Cosen for your good will,
Long may your wrestling continue still,
My crosse I must with patience beare,
Till God or the Deuill ends my care,
And thus I end as I began,
I have the worst Wife that ever had man.

Author.

You wives who have heard this discourse
Judge then who's better and who's worse:
The best will freely sing this song,
The worst will shew she hath a tongue.
The best's from bondage that is free,
Your Jaues will licke if they be gall'd.

FINIS. M. P.

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